brought into the closest contact with him testify to his unwavering conviction. "His opinions about men," writes Metternich, "had been distilled into a conception which, unluckily for him, had acquired to his mind the force of an axiom; he was pursuaded that no man, called upon to play a part on the public stage, or merely busied in the active pursuits of life, ever was controlled or could be controlled by anything but self-interest." According to him, you get a hold on a man through his selfish passions, fear, greed, sensuality, self-love, emulation; those are his springs of action when he is in his right senses and can reason. It is easy enough, moreover, to make of him a madman, for man is imaginative, credulous, prone to be carried away; puff up his pride and vanity, instill in him an overweening and false notion of himself and other people, and you can launch him head forward where you like.

None of these motives deserves very much respect, and creatures thus made are the natural subjects of absolute government, the heap of clay awaiting the hand of the potter in order to take on a form. If in the heat there are some tough bits, the potter only needs to bray them; let him mould firmly, and his job is done. Such is the ultimate conception upon which Napoleon is anchored, and in this the flukes of his anchor sink deeper and deeper, however direct and violent may be the contradiction given by palpable facts. Nothing will wrench him out of it, neither the gritty energy of the English, nor the essentially unyielding gentleness of the Pope, nor the open insurrection of Spain, nor the clandestine insurrection of Germany, nor the resistance of Catholic consciences, nor the gradual falling away of France. This is because his conception is forced upon him by his character: he sees man as he needs to see him.

V.

Here at last we are in presence of his dominating passion, in presence of the inward gulf that instinct, education, reflection, and theorization have dug in him, and wherein the superb fabric of his fortune will be swallowed up. I am speaking of his ambition. It is the prime motor of his soul, the essential substance of his will, become so much a part of him that he can no longer think of it apart, and at times ceases to be conscious of it. "So far as I am concerned," he told Roederer, "I have no ambition;" then correcting himself, and proceeding with his usual lucidity, "or, if I have any, it comes to me so naturally, is so innate, is so wrought into my existence that it is like the blood flowing in my veins and the air I breathe." With even more profundity he likens it to that involuntary, resistless, and wild impulse that makes the soul rock from its highest treetop down to its organic root—to that universal shiver of the whole animal and moral being, that poignant and fearful outrush which we call love. "I have but one passion, one mistress, and that is France; I sleep with her; she has never played me false; on me she squanders her blood, her treasures; if I need 500,000 men she gives them." Let no one come between her and him; let not Joseph, apropos of the coronation, claim a place of his own, though subordinate and prospective, in the new empire; let him not insist on his fraternal rights. "That is wounding me in my tender point." Joseph did it. "Nothing can wipe that out of my memory. It is as if he had told an impassioned lover that he had debauched his mistress, or merely hoped to win her over. My mistress is power; her conquest has cost me too much, for me to suffer her to be ravished from me, or even looked at with the eye of lust." As omnivorous as it is jealous, this ambition that grows hot at the mere notion of a rival, chafes at the bare thought of limits. However enormous be the power acquired, it would desire one vaster; coming out from the most lavish banquet, it is still unappeased. On the morrow of his coronation he told Decrès: "I came into the world too late; there is no longer any grand thing to do; my career has been a fine one I admit; I have got over a fine stretch of road; but how different things were in antiquity! Look at Alexander! After conquering Asia, and proclaiming himself to the people as the son of Jupiter, the whole East believed him, with the exception of Olympias, who knew all there was to know on that point, and with the additional exception of Aristotle and a few pedants in Athens. Well, now, look at my case; if I were to declare myself to-day the son of the Eternal Father, and announce my intention of offering homage to him in that capacity, there is not a fishwoman that would not hiss at me as I went by. People are too enlightened in our day." Nevertheless, on this high domain, walled off from him and made inaccessible by twenty centuries of civilization, he is continually encroaching, and as far as he may by a flank movement, through laying his hand upon the Church and next upon the Pope; here, as elsewhere, he takes all he can. In his eyes nothing is more natural; this also falls within his rights, because he is the sole man capable of ruling. "My peoples of Italy ought to know me well enough not to forget that I know more in my little finger than they know in all their heads put together." Compared with him they are but children, "minors;" so are Frenchmen, so are the rest of mankind. A diplomatist who had long been in close relations with him, and studied him in all his aspects, sums up his character in this epitomizing sentence: "He looks upon himself as a being isolated in the world, created to govern it, and drive all minds in his own harness."

That is why everybody that approaches Napoleon must renounce his individual will, and become an instrument of his reigning. "This terrible man," Decrès would often say, "has subjugated the whole of us. He has all our imaginations in his grip, which is now of steel, anon of velvet; but nobody knows which will be the grip applied to-day, and there is no way of eluding it. It never lets go what it once grasps." At every kind of independence, though it be eventual, and merely possible, he takes umbrage. Intellectual or moral superiority might prove such; and so, little by little he discards it. Toward the end he will tolerate around him only conquered and captive souls. His chief servants are machines or fanatics, a slavish adorer like Maret; a myrmidon of all work, like Savary. From the start he reduced his Ministers to the attitude of clerks, for, in administration, as in government, he is ubiquitous, and in each branch of the service he manages the details as vigilantly as the whole. For official heads, accordingly, he only needs attentive scribes, dumb executants, docile and specialized handicraftsmen. He needs no free and frank counsellors; "I should not know what to do with them," he said, "unless they showed a certain mediocrity of character or mind." As to his Generals, he himself owns "that he is not fond of bestowing glory on those who cannot carry it." At all events, he means "to be sole master of reputations, so as to make or unmake them at will," according to his personal interests; for the reason that a too brilliant soldier would become too self-important; it will not do for a subordinate to be ever tempted to be less submissive. For this the bulletins provide with their calculated omissions, distortions, and rearrangements of the facts. 'He has been known to observe silence about certain victories, or to transform into a triumph the blunder of such and such a Marshal. Sometimes a General learns from a bulletin of an action he never performed, or of a speech he never made." If he protests he is bidden to hold his tongue, or, by way of indemnification, he is suffered to pillage, to levy forced contributions and enrich himself. After becoming an hereditary duke or prince with half a million or a million rental, he is as much a slave as ever; for the creator has taken precautions against his creatures. "Look at these fellows," he said, "that I have made independent; but I should know how to trip them up and keep them from becoming ungrateful." As a matter of fact, although he gave them magnificent endowments it was always in domains carved out of conquered countries which ties their fortunes to his own; moreover, in order to rob them of any pecuniary solidity, he deliberately drives them and all his great dignitaries into profuse expenditure. In this way, through their money troubles, he holds them in a leash; "it was a common sight to see the greater part of the Marshals, nagged by their creditors, coming to beg help, which he granted according to his fancy, or according to the interest he felt in knitting one or the other to him." Thus it is that, in addition to the universal ascendancy which his power and genius give him, he is resolved to have on everybody a personal, supplementary and irresistible leverage. Consequently "he is at pains to foster in people all their baser passions, he loves to detect their weak sides in order to get hold of them." in Savary the thirst for money, in Fouchet his Jacobin blemish, in Cambacérès, vanity and sensuality, In Talleyrand a reckless cynicism and flaccid sensuality, in Duroc his "aridity of character," in Maret his courtier-like flunkeyism, in Berthier his "silliness;" he points it out, makes a butt of it, and profits by it. "Where he sees no vices he foments weaknesses, and, if he can hit on nothing better, excites fear, that he himself may be always and unintermitingly the strongest. He dreads ties of affection, and makes a point of isolating everybody. He never sells his favors without at the same time arousing misgivings; he thinks the right way to bind people to you is to compromise them, and even to blight them in popular esteem." "If Caûlincourt is compromised," he said after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, "there is no great harm done; he will only serve me all the better."

Once the creature is in his grasp let it not dream of escaping, or withholding from its creator any fragment of itself; everything it is and has belongs to him. To fill a post with zeal and with success, to punctually obey orders within a ring of duties marked beforehand is too little; outside of the officeholder he claims the man. "That may all be," is his reply to a eulogy of somebody; "but he is not mine as I would have him be." It is devotion he requires, and by devotion he means the utter and irrevocable gift "of a whole personality, all its feelings, all its opinions." According to him, writes an eyewitness, "we ought to give up even the most insignificant of our old habits, and leave room for but one thought, that of his interests and wishes." For his better security his servants are expected to extinguish the critical faculty. What he most dreads is for any one, whether near him or at a distance, to apply, or simply to preserve, the power of judging. His own thought is a marble cage from which no other mind must stray. But, above all, let not two minds venture to rove out together and on the same side; their concerted action, though passive, their agreement, though secret, their communication, though in dumb show, becomes a league, a faction, and, if they are officeholders, a conspiracy. In a terrible explosion of wrath and threats he promulgates, on his return from Spain, that those whom he has made great dignitaries and Ministers have ceased to be masters of their thoughts and their expressions; that they can be but the organs of his own, and that in their case treason has already begun when they allow themselves to doubt, and that it is complete when they pass from doubt to dissent."

If against his perpetual encroachments they try to preserve an ultimate asylum, if they refuse to surrender their inner hearthstone, the faith of a Catholic or the honor of an honest man, he shows astonishment and irritation. To the Bishop of Ghent, who, with the most respectful submission, offers an excuse for not subscribing to a second oath that would violate his conscience, he replies rudely, as he turns his back on him, "Well, sir, your conscience is a dunderhead!" Portalis, the superintendent of the library, having been shown a Papal brief by his cousin, the Abbé d'Astros, did not abuse this proof of trust, which was strictly confidential. He merely warned his cousin to observe the utmost secrecy about this document, and declared that, should it be made public, he should prohibit its circulation; from an excess of precaution he proceeded to warn the Prefect of Police. But he did not denounce his cousin by name; he did not have the man arrested and the document seized. Thereupon the Emperor, in presence of the whole Council of State, assails him to his face "with those looks of his that shoot through the head," and charges him with the commission of the basest of perfidies, keeps him for half an hour under a hail of reproaches and revilings, and finally drives him from his sight as one hardly drives a thieving lackey. Outside of his office, as well as in it, the officeholder must resign himself to every kind of service, anticipate every species of commission. If scruples restrain him, if he sets up private obligations, if he is unwilling to fail in delicacy, or even common loyalty, he incurs the dissatisfaction, or loses the favor of his master. Such is the fate of M. de Rémusat, who does not brook becoming a spy, eavesdropper, and tale bearer in the Faubourg St. Germain; who does not volunteer at Vienna to draw out of Mme. d'André her husband's address so that the latter can be shot on the spot. Savary, who had undertaken to negotiate the surrender, kept insisting and perpetually repeating to M. de Rémusat, "You are missing your opportunity. I confess I don't understand you." Nevertheless, Savary himself, Minister of Police, high executioner, chief engineer of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien and of the Bayonne trap, forger of false Austrian bank notes for the campaign of 1809, and of false Russian bank notes for the campaign of 1812, even Savary is tired out at last; they load him with too dirty jobs; callous as his conscience is, there is one tender point left in it; he succeeds in routing out a scruple. Only with repugnance does he carry out in 1814 the order to secretly prepare a little infernal machine with a clock-like movement to blow up the Bourbons who had returned to France. "Ah," he cried, clapping his hand to his forehead, "it must be acknowledged that the Emperor is at times a hard man to serve."

If Napoleon requires so much from the human creature, it is because, for the game he plays, he needs to exact everything. In the situation he has made for himself he can spare nobody and nothing. "Has a statesman," he used to say, "any room for sensibility? Is he not a thoroughly eccentric personage, *always solitary upon one side with the rest of the world upon the other?* In this duel that knows no truce, no mercy, people interest him only by the use that he can make of them. All their value for him consists in the profit he gets out of them. His sole business with them is to squeeze out of them the last drop of usefulness they may contain." "I see but little fun in useless feelings," was another of his sayings, "and Berthier is so small a man that I don't know why I should amuse myself with liking him. Yet for all that, when nothing repels me from him, I fancy I am not without a kind of fancy for him." That is all, though. According to him such indifference is indispensable in the head of a State; the eyeglass he looks through is that of his policy; he must only see to it that it magnifies or minimizes nothing. Thus it comes to pass that, outside of his fits of nervous sensibility, "he has for men no consideration except such as the head of a workshop has for his workmen," or more exactly, for his tools; once a tool is unfit for use, it matters little whether it rust on a shelf in the corner or is pitched out on a heap of scrap iron. One day Portalis, Minister of Justice, comes into his room with face twitching and eyes full of tears. "What is the matter, Portalis?" Napoleon says; "are you sick?" "No, sire, but I am most unhappy; the Archbishop of Tours, poor Boisjelin, my old comrade, my boyhood's friend." "Well, what has happened to him?" "Alas, sire, he has just died." "Well, it is all the same to me; he was of no use to me."

Slave-driving owner of men and things, using and abusing them at will until they are exhausted, owing no account to any one, he learns in the course of a few years to say, as glibly and more despotically than Louis XIV. himself: "My armies, my fleets, my Cardinals, my Councils, my Senate, my peoples, my empire." To an army corps breaking up in order to move under fire, "Soldiers," he cried, "I need your lives, and you owe them to me." To Gen. Dorsenne and the grenadiers of the guard he said: "They tell me you are grumbling, that you want to go back to Paris to your mistresses. Undeceive yourselves. I'll keep you under arms till you are eighty. Born you were in the bivouac, and you shall die there." How he treats his brothers and relatives when they have become kings, with how stiff a hand he reins them in, with what strokes of lash and spur he makes them trot and jump over barriers, his extant correspondence proves. Every sign of initiative, though justified by an unforseen emergency and obvious good intentions, is checked like the bucking of a horse, with a brusque jerk that doubles up the haunches and breaks the knees of the delinquent. Thus to the amiable Prince Eugène, so faithful and obedient, he writes: "If you send to his Majesty for orders or advice about altering the ceiling of your bedroom, or if, when Milan is on fire, you ask leave to put it out, you should let Milan burn, and wait till you get your orders. His Majesty is dissatisfied, extremely dissatisfied, with you; you have no business to do things that pertain to him; he will never suffer it, will never pardon it." Judge by this the tone he would take with subordinate officers; apropos of the French battalions which had been refused admission to the Hollanders' strong places he wrote: "Tell the King of Holland that if his Ministers have acted on their own responsibility I will have them arrested, and chop off the head of every one." To M. de Segur, member of the committee of the Academy, which had just approved of Chateaubriand's reception speech: "You and M. de Fontanes, in your capacities of Councillor of State and Grand Master, deserve to be clapped into Vincennes; tell the Second Class of the Institute that I will not have politics discussed in their sessions. If it disobeys I'll smash it as I would a disreputable club." Even when he is not roiled and growling, when he draws in his claws, you feel the paw. To Beugnot, whom he has just been berating frightfully, publicly, and unjustly, with the consciousness, too, of its injustice, and only to produce an effect on the spectators, he says: "Well, big stupid, have you recovered your senses?" Whereupon Beugnot, who is as tall as a drum major, bows very low, and the little man, raising a hand, takes the big man by the ear—inebriating mark of favor, observes Beugnot—a familiar gesture of the master's, in a humanizing mood. Better yet, the master deigns to catechize Beugnot as to his personal tastes, his regrets, his craving to return to France. "Now, what do I want of the Emperor? To become his Minister at Paris? But, judging from what he saw of me the other day, I should not stay there long; I should die in the shafts before the end of the month. The work has already killed Portalis, Cretet, and even Treilhard, who, for all that, was a tough nut to crack; but the time came when he could not spit straight any longer, or the others either. Me, too, as bad or worse things would befall. Stay here, then; by and by you will get old, or rather we shall all get old together, and I'll send you to the Senate to play the dotard at your ease." It is plain enough that "the nearer you get to his person, the more insupportable life becomes." "Admirably served, invariably obeyed instanter, it pleases him, for all that, to let a petty domestic terrorism lower over the inmost privacy of his palace." Has a difficult duty been discharged? He gives no thanks, no praises, or next to none; M. de Champagny, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was never praised but once, and then for having completed in a single night and with unhoped-for advantages the treaty of Vienna. This time the Emperor, taken by surprise, thought out loud; "ordinarily he only signifies his approval by silence." When M. de Rémusat, the Prefect of the Police, has arranged for him with economy, precision, splendor, and complete success "one of those magnificent festivals where all the arts are called on to contribute to his pleasures," Mme. de Rémusat never asks her husband whether the Emperor is satisfied, but whether he has scolded more or less. "His great general principle to which he gives every kind of application in great things as well as small, is that people are never zealous except when they are anxious."

What an insupportable restraint he exercises, with what crushing weight his arbitrary will weighs upon the best approved devotions and the most supple characters, with what wantonness he squeezes and bruises all the wills of individuals around him, up to what point he stifles and compresses the respiration of the human being, he knows better than any one can tell him. He has been heard to say, "Lucky is that man who is hidden away from me in the depth of some province." And, on another occasion, after asking M. de Segur what people would say after his death, when the latter expatiates on the unanimous regrets, "Not a bit of it," replies the Emperor; then with a significant shrug that cleverly expresses the universal feeling of relief, he adds, "They will say: *Whew!*"

VI.

Rarely does a sovereign, even autocratic, maintain the despotic attitude persistently from morning to night. Ordinarily, and especially in France, the Prince divides his day into two parts, one for business, the other for society; and in the second, while always remaining head of the State, he becomes a host, for he receives, has guests, and in order that his guests may not be automatons he tries to put them at their ease. That was the way of Louis XIV., polite to everybody, always affable and sometimes gracious with men, always courteous and at times gallant with women, refraining from any rudeness, any outburst, any sarcasm; never permitting himself to use a cutting word, or to make people feel their inferiority and dependence, encouraging them to talk and even to chat, tolerating in conversation a semblance of equality, smiling at a repartee, sometimes exerting himself to please, to make merry, to tell a story, such was the code of his drawing room. You need one, and liberal at that, in a drawing room, as in every human meeting-place; otherwise its life dies out. Thus it came to pass that in the old society the observance of this code was called good breeding, and the King, more punctiliously than any one, subjected his actions to the rules of propriety. By tradition and education he gave proofs of deference at least for the people of his circle, and his courtiers became his invited guests without ceasing to be his subjects.

In Napoleon's drawing room there was nothing of the kind. Of the etiquette he borrowed from the old court, he preserves nothing but the rigid discipline and pompous parade. "The ceremonial," says an eyewitness, "was carried through as if it had been directed by a beat of the drum. Everything was done, so to speak, at double-quick." "This species of precipitation, the species of dread that he inspires," suppressed in every one around him all sense of comfort and of ease, all conversation, all facile intercourse; there is no bond but that of command and obedience. "The few men that he treats with some distinction, Savary, Duroc, Maret, hold their tongues and simply transmit orders. We could only appear to them, and appear to ourselves, solely busied as we were in performing the thing enjoined upon us, as mere machines, closely analogous to the elegant and gilded chairs with which they had just decorated the palaces of the Tuileries and of St. Cloud."

In order that a machine may work well, the machinist must be at the pains to repair it frequently, and herein Napoleon does not fail, especially after an absence. While he is on his way back from Tilsit everybody is sitting on the anxious bench, spying out with what item of his conduct the severe master may on his return express dissatisfaction. His wife, his household, the high dignitaries, every one experiences more or less of this keen anxiety, and the Empress, who knew him better than anybody else, used to say naively: "The Emperor is in such good spirits that he is sure to do no end of scolding." As a matter of fact, he has hardly got back than he turns the key round sharply and rudely, then, "content with having exercised this petty terrorism, he seems to have forgotten what has happened, and resumes his ordinary course of life." "From calculation and from relish for it he never throws off his royalty." Hence, "a chilled and dumb court, rather dismal than dignified; on every face an expression of uneasiness; a restrained and livid silence." At Fontainebleau, "amid its magnificence and pleasure," there is no real enjoyment or delight, not even for himself. "I commiserate you," said M. de Talleyrand to M. de Rémusat, "you have to amuse the unamusable." At the theatre he broods or yawns; people are forbidden to applaud; before the string of endless tragedies the court is bored to death; people come out of the theatre gloomy and discontented. In his drawing rooms there is the same constraint. "He did not know how, and I believe did not want, to put anybody at his ease, dreading the least semblance of familiarity, and inspiring in every one the dread of being forced to listen before witnesses to some rude apostrophe. During the square dances he walks about between the rows of ladies in order to address to them some trivial or disagreeable remarks," and he never accosts them except "stiffly and with an ill grace." At bottom he is suspicious and ill disposed where they are concerned. This is because "the power they have acquired in society seems to him an insufferable usurpation." "Never did there issue from his mouth a single gracious or even neatly turned remark to a woman, although the effort to make such often betrays itself on his face and in the sound of his voice. He never talks to them except about their dress, of which he declares himself a minute and severe judge, and about which he makes jokes not remarkable for delicacy, or else he talks about the number of their children, asking them in crude terms whether they have suckled them themselves, or, it may be, lecturing them upon their social relations." That is why "there is not one but is charmed to see him move away from the spot where she is." Sometimes he finds it fun to disconcert them; he vilifies and chaffs them to their face like a Colonel talking to his female camp followers. "Yes, ladies," he would tell them, "you keep the good people of the Faubourg St. Germain busy. They say, for instance, that you, Mme. A, have a love affair with M. B; you, Mme. C, with M. T." If, through his police reports, he gets on the track of an intrigue, "he wastes but little time in letting the husband know what is going on." About his own caprices he is quite as indiscreet. No sooner has he rudely hurried the upshot than he divulges the fact and tells the name; better yet, he informs Josephine, gives her private details, and does not suffer her to object. "It is my right to reply to all of your complaints with an everlasting *me*."

As a matter of fact, this word is his answer to everything; and by way of explaining it he adds: "I am a man apart from everybody; I submit to nobody's conditions, to obligations of no kind, to no code, not even the vulgar code of outward civility, which by attenuating or cloaking their primitive brutality permits men to meet without collision. I pay but little heed to this vague and levelling talk about the proprieties, which the rest of you bring up on every occasion. It's an invention of blockheads for getting nearer men of sense; a kind of social gag, that cramps the strong and only serves the humdrum. Good taste? Faugh! There's another of the classical phrases that I don't accept." "Right enough, it is your personal enemy," said Talleyrand to him one day; "if you could have got rid of it with cannon balls, it would have perished long ago." That was because good taste is the supreme achievement of civilization, the inmost vestment of human nudity, that which sticks closest to the person, the last it keeps after it has cast off all the rest, and because for Napoleon even this delicate tissue is a gyve; he thrusts it off instinctively because it cramps his instinctive gesture—the wild, imperious, and savage gesture of the conqueror who fells and paws the conquered.

VII.

With a man of such ways no social relations are possible, and especially none on the part of those independent and armed personages that we call nations or States. That is why in politics and in diplomacy such ways are proscribed; carefully, on principle, every head or representative of a country refrains from them, at least toward men in the same sphere. He is bound to treat them as equals, to heed their susceptibilities, and therefore never to give way to the irritation of the moment, or to personal passion; in a word, to be always master of one's self, and to measure every word. Hence the characteristic tone of manifestoes, protocols, despatches, and other public documents. The formal diction obligatory in State departments, so cold, so pale, so limp, its designedly attenuated and edgeless expressions, its long-winded phrases that seem spun out by a machine and always on the same pattern, a kind of flabby wadding and international buffer thrust between combatants to deaden shocks. Between States there is at best too much reciprocal friction, too many painful and inevitable collisions, too many promptings to conflict, while the consequences of a conflict are on their side too serious. We should not add to the bruises of imagination and self-love. Above all, we should not add to them wantonly, at the risk of increasing the resistance that confronts us to-day, and the resentment that we shall excite to-morrow.

Just the contrary course is followed by Napoleon. Even in quiet talks his attitude remains aggressive and militant. Voluntarily or involuntarily, he doubles up his fist; people feel he is about to strike, and straightway they take offence. In his correspondence with sovereigns, in his official proclamations, in his conversations with ambassadors, and even in his public audiences, he uses provoking, threatening, and defiant language. He treats his opponent superciliously, at times even insults him to his face, and casts into his teeth the most outrageous imputations; he divulges the secrets of his private life, of his closet, his bed chamber; he blackens or slanders his Ministers, his court, his wife; he wounds a man intentionally in the tender spot, tells him he is a dupe, a cuckold, an accomplice in assassination; puts on with him the tone of a Judge sentencing a culprit, the tone of a superior rating a subordinate, or, better yet, the tone of a pedagogue making a schoolboy toe the mark. With a smile of pity he lays bare his faults, weakness, incapacity, and points out to him beforehand his certain defeat and speedy humiliation. On receiving the Emperor Alexander's envoy at Wilna he tells him: "Russia does not want this war; no power in Europe approves of it; England herself does not want it; she foresees calamities for Russia, and perhaps even the cap-sheaf of calamity. I know as well as you do, and perhaps better than you do, how many troops you have. Your infantry amounts in all to 120,000 men and your cavalry comprises from 60,000 to 70,000. I have three times as many. The Emperor Alexander is extremely ill-advised. Why isn't he ashamed to keep such base fellows about him; such a one as Armfeld, a depraved, intriguing rascal, ruined by his debauchery, who is known only by his crimes, and who is Russia's enemy; such a one as Stein, kicked out of his native country as a good-for-naught, a pestilent fellow that has a price set on his head; such a one as Bennigsen, reputed to have some military talents that I don't give him credit for, and who dipped his hands in a benefactor's blood? Let him keep Russians about him, and I'll not say a word. Do you mean to say you have not a plenty of Russian gentlemen that assuredly would be more devoted to him than these hirelings? Does he fancy the latter are in love with his august self? Let him give Armfeld a command in Finland, I'll say nothing; but to keep such a fellow close to his person, faugh! What superb prospects the Emperor Alexander had at Tilsit, and especially at Erfurt! He has spoiled the finest reign that Russia has ever known. How could he admit to his intimacy such men as Stein, Armfeld, and Vinzingerode? Tell the Emperor Alexander that, since he is gathering around him my personal enemies, that means that he intends to insult me personally, and that consequently I ought to give him tit for tat. I will hunt out of Germany all his kinfolk of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Weimar. Let him get ready an asylum for them in Russia!"

Note what it is he deems a personal injury, what he is determined to avenge by the harshest reprisals, to what excess he carries his intermeddling spirit, how he bursts by force and breach into the closet of foreign sovereigns to drive out their councillors and domineer over their council. Thus the Roman Senate might comport itself with an Antiochus or Prusias; thus an English Resident behaves toward the Kings of Oude or Lahore. In other people's houses, as in his own, he cannot help playing the master. The propulsion to universal domination is in his very fibre. It may be checked, disguised; never will men find a way to stifle it.

From his entrance into the Consulate it broke out. That is why the peace of Amiens could not last. Behind the diplomatic discussions, and beyond the pretended grievances, his character, his exactions, his avowed plans, and the use he reckons on making of his strength, such are the real bottom causes of the rupture. Substantially he tells the English, in terms intelligent enough, and often in explicit language: Drive the Bourbons out of your island, and shut the mouths of your journalists. If this is counter to your constitution, so much the worse for it, or so much the worse for you. "There are general principles of international law in whose presence the special laws of States should hold their tongues." Recast your fundamental laws; suppress on your side of the Channel, as I have suppressed on mine, the freedom of the press, and the right of asylum. "I have a very low opinion of the Government that has no power to prohibit things calculated to displease foreign Governments." As to my Government, however, my interference with my neighbors' affairs, my recent acquisitions of territory, that is none of your business. "I suppose you are alluding to Piedmont and Switzerland? Mere driblets." It is recognized by Europe that Holland, Italy, and Switzerland are under the thumb of France. At the other end Spain is my vassal, and through her I got Portugal; thus from Amsterdam to Bordeaux, from Lisbon to Cadiz and Genoa, from Leghorn to Naples and Tarentum, I can shut you out of every port; there shall be no such thing as a commercial treaty between us. If I grant you one, it shall be a mockery; in return for every million in English goods that you send into France you shall ship from France a million in French merchandise; you shall be, in other words, subjected to a Continental blockade, either declared or disguised, and you shall pine away in time of peace as if you were at war. Meanwhile I still have my eyes fastened upon Egypt; "six thousand Frenchmen would to-day be enough to reconquer it; by force or otherwise I will get back there; I shall not lack for opportunities, and I am on the watch for them; sooner or later it will belong to France, whether through the dissolution of the Ottoman empire or through some bargain with the Porte." Evacuate Malta, so that the Mediterranean may become a French lake. I mean to rule by sea as well as by land, and put the East as well as West to rights. In fine, "to my France England will naturally in the end become nothing but an annex. Nature made her one of our islands, like the Isle of Oleron or Corsica." Naturally, with this prospect before them, the English keep Malta and renew the war. He has foreseen the contingency, and his resolution is taken. At a glance he perceives and measures the course he is about to run. With his habitual lucidity, he has foreseen and announces that the resistance of the English will "force him to conquer Europe." "The First Consul is but 33 years old, and up to this time has destroyed only States of the second rank. Who knows how much time he may need to utterly transform the face of the Continent and resuscitate the Empire of the West?"

To subjugate all Europe, in order to band it against England, such is henceforth his means, as much a thing of violence as his object, and his means, like his object, is prescribed to him by his character. Too imperious and too impatient to wait on or heed others, he only knows how to act upon their wills by constraint, and for him his coöperators are never anything but subjects under the name of allies. Later, to be sure, at St. Helena, with his indestructible power of imagination and illusion, he will wave philanthropic visions before the public gaze; but, according to his own admission, to have fulfilled his retrospective dream, he would have needed to begin with the complete submission of all Europe. To be a peace-compelling and liberal sovereign, "a crowned Washington. Ay, that is what I wished," he'll say; "but I could not reasonably expect to reach it except through a universal dictatorship; such was my aim." In vain does common sense point out to him that such an undertaking cannot fail to rally the Continent to England, and that the means he has selected is drawing him off from his object. In vain is it urged upon him more than once that he requires a great and firm ally on the Continent, that on this account he ought to conciliate Austria, not drive her to despair, but rather win her over, indemnify her on the side of the East, set her there in endless conflict with Russia, buckle her to the new French empire by a community of vital interests. In vain does he himself enter, after Tilsit, into a like bargain with Russia. This bargain cannot be carried out, because in the partnership arranged, Napoleon, as is his habit, incessantly encroaching, threatening or assailing, tries to sink Alexander into a subordinate and dupe. No clear-sighted witness has any doubt upon the subject. As early as 1809 a diplomatist writes: "The French system that is triumphing to-day is aimed against all the great national conglomerations," not only against England, Prussia, and Austria, but against Russia, against every power capable of upholding its independence; for if any power remain independent it may become hostile, and from sheer precaution Napoleon will crush it as a probable enemy.

He is so much the more certain to act thus that, once launched in this road, he cannot stop. Simultaneously with his character, the situation in which he has placed himself propels him forward, and his past drives him headlong into his future. At the moment when the peace of Amiens is ruptured, he is already so strong and so aggressive that his neighbors, for their own safety, are compelled to form a league with England. This leads him to shatter the old monarchies that were still intact, to conquer Naples, carry out an initial dismemberment of Austria, to mutilate and crumble Prussia, to dismember Austria a second time, to manufacture kingdoms for his brothers at Naples, in Holland, and Westphalia. At the same period he shut against the English all the seaports of his empire. This leads him to next close against them all the seaports of the Continent, to establish against them the Continental blockade, to proclaim a European crusade against them, to tolerate no neutral sovereigns like the Pope, no lukewarm understrappers like his brother Louis, no slippery and slack coadjutors like the Portuguese Braganzas and Spanish Bourbons. He is therefore prompted to lay hands on Portugal and Spain, on the Papal States and Holland, then on the Hanse towns and the Duchy of Oldenburg, to stretch out over the whole European seacoast, from the Bocca de Cattaro and Trieste to Hamburg and Dantzic, his string of military commanders, Prefects, and Custom House officers; a kind of net that he draws tighter every day, until he strangles in his own dominions not only the consumer, but even the producer and the middleman. All this is done by his familiar arbitrary methods, sometimes by a mere decree, assigning no reason but his interest, his convenience, and whim, autocratically and abruptly; amid how many violations of the law of nations, of humanity, and hospitality, by what abuses of sheer force, with what a tissue of brutalities and rascalities, with how much oppression of allies and spoliation of the vanquished, by what battlefield brigandage, practised upon whole nations in time of war, by what systematical robbery perpetrated on whole nations in time of peace, it would take volumes to describe.

Thus it comes to pass that, starting from 1808, the nations rise up against him; he has wounded them so deeply in their interests, and so keenly in their feelings; he has so squeezed them, plundered them, and haled them by force into his service; he has destroyed, besides French lives, so many lives of Spaniards, Italians, Austrians, Prussians, Swiss, Bavarians, Saxons, and Hollanders; he has killed so many men on the score of their being enemies; he has conscripted so many outside of his own boundaries, and dragged them to death under his standards in the rôle of auxiliaries; that the nations have become still more inimical to him than the sovereigns. Positively there is no way of living at all with such a character as his; his genius is too monstrous, too malevolent; and malevolent in proportion to its monstrosity. As long as he reigns, there will be war. Men may try as they please to pare him down, to pen him up at home, to push him back within the frontiers of old France; no fence will keep him in, no treaty will bind him. With him peace can never be more than a truce. He will make no use of it except to recruit his forces, and, once set on his legs, he will begin the game again. He is essentially *non-sociable*. Upon that point Europe's opinion is made up, settled, inexorable. How deep and unanimous this conviction is, a single little incident will show. On the 7th of March, 1815, the news reaches Vienna that he has escaped from the Island of Elba, although it is as yet unknown where he means to disembark. Before 8 o'clock in the morning M. de Metternich has brought the news to the Emperor of Austria, who tells him: "Go instantly and find the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia; say to them that I am ready at once to give my armies orders to march back to France." At a quarter past 8 Metternich is with the Czar, and at half past 8 with the King of Prussia; both at the instant make the same reply. "I was back at 9," says Metternich. "At 10 o'clock aides-de-camp were already off in all directions to halt the returning army corps. Thus it came to pass that war was declared in less than sixty minutes."

VIII.

Other heads of States have also spent their lives in doing violence to men; but it was in pursuance of a work that is to live, and on behalf of a national interest. What they called the public weal was no phantom of their brain, no chimerical poem forged by a trick of their imaginations, their personal passions, their ambition, and their selfish pride. There existed for them, outside of themselves and their dream, a thing real, solid, and of paramount importance; that is to say, the State, the social body corporate, the vast organism that possesses limitless duration, through the continuous series of generations fraught with solidarity. When they let blood from the present generation it was for the benefit of generations to come, to safeguard them from civil war or foreign domination. In the generality of cases they acted like skilled surgeons, if not from virtue, at all events from a dynastic sentiment and family tradition; having practised from father to son, they had acquired the professional conscience; for their primary and final object they kept in view the health and salvation of their patients. That is why they were not lavish in inordinate blood-letting and too hazardous operations. Rarely did they let themselves be led into temptation by the craving to display their dexterity, by the impulse to astonish and dazzle the public by the novelty, the keen edge, the efficiency of their probes and saws. They felt themselves accountable for a life longer and vaster than their own; they looked beyond themselves as far as their sight could carry, and saw to it that after they were gone, the State should get on without them, should subsist intact, remain independent, robust, and respected, amid the vicissitudes of European conflict and the indeterminable chances of future history. That is what people meant under the ancient régime by *reasons of state.* For 800 years these reasons prevailed in the council room of princes. Notwithstanding inevitable slackenings and temporary deviations, they became or abode their preponderant motives. Indisputably, they excused or authorized many breaches of faith, many transgressions, and, to use the crude word, many crimes; but in the political order, and particularly in the conduct of foreign affairs, they furnished the guiding principles, and these principles were wholesome. Under their sustained ascendancy thirty sovereigns had labored, and so it had come to pass that province by province, in a solid and lasting way, by manœuvres forbidden to private persons, but permitted to statesmen, they had built up France.

Now, in their improvised successor these principles are lacking; on the throne, as in the camp, whether General, Consul, or Emperor, he remains a soldier of fortune, and thinks only of his own advancement. Owing to an enormous flaw in his education, his conscience, and his heart, instead of subordinating his person to the State he subordinates the State to his person. Beyond the range of his short physical sight, his eyes do not fasten on the nation that shall outlive him; as a consequence he sacrifices the future to the present, and his work has no capacity of duration. After him the deluge; little does it trouble him to hear the fearful saying uttered; worse yet, he would be glad to have everybody utter it with a racking anxiety in the depths of the heart. "My brother," said Joseph, in 1803, "wants the necessity of his existence to be felt so keenly, and this existence to be so vast a benefit, that people will be unable to look at anything beyond without a shiver. He knows and feels that he rules much more by dint of this idea than by main strength or gratitude. If to-morrow, or some future day, people could say: 'We have now a well-established and quiet state of things; here is a designated successor. Bonaparte may die and yet there will no innovation or disturbance to dread,' my brother would no longer consider himself in safety. Such is his rule of conduct." In vain do the years slip away, he never thinks of putting France in a position to exist without him; on the contrary, he keeps compromising durable gains by exaggerated annexations, and from its first day it is evident that the empire will end with the Emperor. In 1805, when the five per cents are selling for eighty francs, Gaudin, his Minister of Finance, points out that this market price is reasonable. "We ought not to complain, since these funds are really annuities issued on your Majesty's life." "What do you mean?" "I mean that the empire has been successively enlarged, up to a point that it becomes ungovernable after you are gone." "If my successor is a booby, so much the worse for him." "Yes, but so much the worse, too, for France." Two years later, in a species of political summarization, M. de Metternich pronounces this sweeping judgment: "It is noteworthy that Napoleon, although continually tormenting and changing the relations of all Europe, has not yet taken a single step tending to assure the stability of his successors." In 1809 the same diplomatist adds: "His death will give the signal for a new and fearful cataclysm; so many elements rent apart will try to draw together; dethroned sovereigns will be recalled by their former subjects; new princes will have new crowns to defend, a veritable civil war will rage for half a century through the vast expanse of the Continent on the day that the iron arm that wields the reins returns to dust." In 1811 he writes this: "Everybody is convinced that the first and inevitable consequence of the disappearance of Napoleon, of the master in whose sole hand all force is concentrated, would be a revolution." At home in France at the same epoch, his own servants are beginning to understand not only that his empire is a life estate, and will not survive his death, but that this empire is still more ephemeral than that, and will fail to last out his life; for he is incessantly adding to the top of his edifice, and all his building gains in height it loses in solidity. "The Emperor is mad," Decrès told Marmont, "utterly mad; he will upset the whole of us, and all this will end in some frightful catastrophe." True enough, he is pushing France into the abyss by main force, and gulling her the while, and knowing that he gulls her, by an abuse of confidence which grows steadily more flagrant in proportion as by his own wish, and his own fault, from year to year the want of harmony between his own interests, as he understands them, and the public interests, grows greater."

This want of harmony was already clearly marked at the date of the treaty of Luneville, and before the rupture of the peace of Amiens. It becomes palpable in the treaty of Presburg, and still more patent in the treaty of Tilsit. It has become flagrant in 1808, after the deposition of the Spanish Bourbons; it is scandalous and monstrous in 1812 at the epoch of the war with Russia. Napoleon himself acknowledges that this war is against the interest of France; nevertheless, he makes it. Later, at St. Helena he melts with lip sympathy for "this French people that he has so fondly loved." The truth is that he loves it as a rider loves his steed. When he breaks him in, accoutres him, and tricks him out, coaxes him, and puts him on his mettle, it is not to serve the horse, but to get well served by him in his capacity as a useful animal, to work him till he drops, to spur him onward across ditches ever wider, and over fences ever higher; just this other ditch, just this fence more; but after the obstruction that is seemingly the last, there will still be many another, and, at all events, the horse will be doomed to remain forever what he already is; I mean a thing to be ridden, and ridden to death. For in the case of this expedition against Russia let us suppose, instead of a frightful calamity, a brilliant success, a victory at Smolensk equal to that at Friedland, a treaty at Moscow more advantageous than that at Tilsit, the Czar subjugated. Let us then trace the consequences, which would probably have been the strangulation or dethronement of the Czar, a patriotic insurrection in Russia like that in Spain, two interminable wars at the two ends of the continent against religious fanaticism more irreconcilable than practical interests; and against far-scattered barbarism, more unsubduable than concentrated civilization; in the middle a European empire stealthily undermined by a European opposition; an outer France imposed by force on an enslaved Continent, French Residents and Commanders at St. Petersburg and Riga, as well as at Dantzic, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Lisbon, Barcelona and Trieste; all the able-bodied Frenchmen busied from Cadiz to Moscow in upholding and administering the conquests; all the able-bodied youth seized every year by the conscription, and if they have escaped conscription, seized anyhow by summary decrees. All the male population employed in the business of repression; no other prospect for a man, whether educated or uneducated; no other career, militar or civil, but protracted picket duty, to threaten and be threatened in the capacity of soldier, exciseman, or constable; in the capacity of Prefect, sub-Prefect, or Commissioner of Police—that is to say, in the capacity of subaltern, swash buckler and bully—to keep down their fellow subjects and levy contributions, to confiscate and burn up merchandise, to grab defrauders and make the refractory keep step. Of the refractory there were already, in 1810, no less than 160,000 sentenced by name, in addition to which a fine of 170,000,000 francs was imposed upon their families. In 1811 and 1812 flying columns, engaged in tracking deserters, pick up 60,000 of them that they drive in droves along the coast from the Adour to the Niemen; on reaching the frontier they are poured into the grand army, but even in the first month they and their comrades of the chain desert at the rate of four or five thousand a day. If England is ever conquered, it will be necessary to keep watch and ward there too, and by means of wardens quite as zealous.

Such is the formless future that the Napoleonic system offers to Frenchmen, even if credited with all chances of success. As it happens, the chances are unfavorable, and at the close of 1812 the grand army lies ruined in the snow; the horse is flat upon the ground. By good luck it is only a horse foundered; "his Majesty's health was never better;" the rider is unhurt; he gets up, and what preoccupies him at the moment is not the agony of his dying steed, but his own mishap. The cloud on his repute for horsemanship, the effect on the spectators; it is the hisses, the ridiculousness of a risky jump heralded by a big orchestra, and ending in such a pitiable spill. Ten times over upon reaching Warsaw he is heard repeating: "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step." Still more impudently at Dresden in the next year, he discloses in its nudity and crudity his master passion, his determining motives, the immensity and ferocity of his pitiless self-love. "What do they want of me?" he says to M. de Metternich. "To dishonor myself? Never! I can die, but I will not yield an inch of territory. Your sovereigns born upon the throne can let themselves be beaten twenty times and still reënter their capitals. I can't do that, because I am a self-made soldier. My domination will not outlast the day when I shall have ceased to be mighty and consequently dreaded." Truly enough, his despotism in France is built on his omnipotence in Europe; if he ceases to be master of the Continent, "he will be called to an accounting by the Corps Legislatif." Rather than sink to this stunted rôle, rather than become a constitutional monarch, bridled by Chambers, he plays double or quits, he will risk and lose everything. "I have seen your soldiers," Metternich tells him; "they are children. When this army of boys that you are calling out is gone, what will you do?" At these words that go straight to his heart, he turns pâle; his face contracts, rage carries him away; like a man wounded, who winces and exposes his weak side, he says angrily to Metternich: "You are no soldier, and know not what goes on in a soldier's soul. I have grown up on battlefields, and a man like me holds dirt-cheap the lives of a million men." His imperial chimera has devoured far more than that. From 1804 to 1815 he has caused the death of more than 1,700,000 Frenchmen, born within the limits of old France, to which we ought probably to add 2,000,000 men born beyond those limits, and killed on his side under the name of allies, or killed on the other side under the name of enemies. What the poor, credulous and enthusiastic Gauls gained by twice confiding to him the helm of state was a twice-endured invasion. What he bequeaths to them as the price of their devotion, after such a prodigious shedding of their own blood and the blood of other people, is a France truncated of fifteen departments acquired by the republic, bereft of Savoy, the left bank of the Rhine, and Belgium, despoiled of the great northeast angle by which it rounded off and fortified its most vulnerable point, and, to use Vauban's phrase, eked out its "square plot;" deprived of the four millions of new Frenchmen that it had well nigh assimilated by twenty years of life in common; what is far worse, pushed back from the frontiers of 1789, alone dwarfed in the midst of its neighbors all aggrandized, an object of suspicion to all Europe, permanently pent in by a threatening ring of rancor and distrust.

Such was the political achievement of Napoleon, an achievement of egotism too well served by genius. In the construction of his European edifice as well as his French edifice the sovereign egotism introduced a vital flaw. From the start this fundamental flaw is patent in the European edifice and at the end of fifteen years it produces an abrupt collapse. In the French edifice it is serious, although less visible; it will not be thoroughly disclosed until at the end of half a century or even a whole hundred years, but its slow and gradual effects will prove no less pernicious and no less inevitable.

M. W. H.

Longevity Notes.

A town in Cuba prides itself upon being the home of eleven women each of whom is over 100 years of age.

Polly Clay, who died a few days ago at East Fryeberg, Me., was 104 years old, and Easter Petres of Winston, N. C., lived to be 102 years of age.

Julia Darrow was 108 years old when she died recently at Gloversville, N. Y. She was a slave, and was sold to her late husband at the age of 16 for $150.

Manuel Barriant and his wife of Matamoros, Mexico, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their wedding. The husband is 102 years old and the wife 98.

The Rev. David Sawyer of Hopkinton, N. H., is 99 years of age. John Williamson of Bethel, Me., is 101 years old, and Abraham Chalker of Saybrook, Conn., is 97 and in the best of health.

The engineer of the first locomotive that ever left St. Louis for the West, and the engineer of the first steamboat that ever arrived at St. Louis, was William J. Haynes of St. Louis, who is just closing a century of life. He was on the staff of Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.